

THE WAR CRY.



AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND

Year.

WILLIAM RAYNER

TORONTO, AUGUST 17, 1912.

DAVID N. REES

Price: Five cents.



THE SUPERINTENDENT OF THE CAMP,
ADJUTANT COY (KNOWN BY THE CHILDREN AS
"PA") IN HIS CAMP DRESS.



MR ANDERSON (FROM HINDOURGEGO) AND HIS "FLOCK" GOING FOR A "SWIM".



AT THE ARMY'S FRESH AIR CAMP

[See article on page 8.]

CUTLETS FROM CONTEMPORARIES

BORROWING OUR POWDER.

What the Buddhists are Doing.
Buddhists are not loth to take the best the Christians have and adapt it to their own use. For seven years past they have been borrowing our powder—in the shape of young people's associations, women's meetings, Sunday schools, hymn books, Bible, etc., all these gotten up after the Christian pattern. The latest along this line is an adaptation of the familiar children's hymn "Jesus loves me" and wide circulation in this country. "Jesus loves me, this I know, For the Bible tells me so."

By substituting the word "Buddha" for "Jesus" and making some other minor changes, they have gotten a fine sentiment which they sing lustily to the old tune, and the old grandmothers are getting a new view of the Divinity as they sing the little children of to-day sing the song. The incident is suggestive of the influence Christianity is having on the life of Japan.

In the religious classification of the 6,000 students of the Imperial University in Tokyo, it appears that 4,000 are Buddhist and either infidels or agnostics, and only 300 adhere to Buddhism, the faith of their fathers. Only sixty are Christians—The Victory.

HIS ATLANTIC "OFFICE."

How Comr. Carlton Crossed the Atlantic.
Everybody must surely know that I am essentially an office man, not a university student; but in our early days "I wrote and wrote and wrote." But, for the last ten days, I have been using what I emphatically called the best office I ever had—upon the deck of a Red Star liner, between New York and Antwerp.

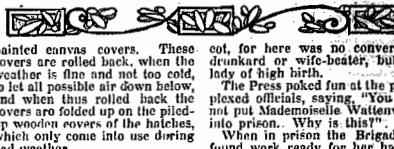
For the sake of those who are not familiar with the plan of a steamer's deck, let me just say that if you suppose a floor, say 62 ft. by 28ft, out of which two great spaces, each 18 ft. by 18 ft. are cut for hatches, to lower cargo to the hold decks, you have an idea of the small extent of my Atlantic office. The hatches are covered with strong wooden gratings, and these again, when desirable, with thick brown-

The Praying League.
1. Pray for all soul-saving work.
2. Pray for all who are dressed in mind and ill in body.

OUR DAILY TEXT.

Sunday.—Wait on the Lord: be of good courage. Ps. xxvii. 14. Monday.—Thou hast put gladness in my heart. Ps. iv. 7. Tuesday.—There shall be no more curse. Rom. xxi. 23. Wednesday.—The love of Christ constraineth us. II Cor. v. 14. Thursday.—We also joy in God through our Lord Jesus Christ. Romans v. 11.

Friday.—Remember the words of the Lord Jesus. Acts xx. 35. Saturday.—Be ye not overcome by evil; but overcome it. Luke i. 40. Sunday.—Aug. 18.—Thomas the Doubter. John x. 39-42; Luke xxvi. 37-42.



painted canvas covers. These set, for here was no converted drunkard or wife-beater, but a lady of high birth.

The Press poked fun at the perplexed officials, saying, "You do not put Mademoiselle Wattewyl into prison. Why is this?"

When in prison the Brigadier found work ready for her hand. "I have a pen," he said, "and bought the girls of the street who were in prison to her. It was not without a smile that the Brigadier, in recalling one experience of this period, said: "One day I was speaking to one of these girls who had resolved to leave her life, and I said, 'Now, my dear child, remember this way and you will nevermore have anything worse to do with prison or police. I was entirely forgetful of the fact that I was myself in prison!'

Modern office people are generally equipped with a style; but I am one of the very oldfogies who have never learned to get on so well with them as with the old pen and ink. A fellow passenger, who had just come from a long journey, lent me another, which holds enough ink at one dip to serve for ten minutes! And, besides letters, I find I have written six articles during my first week on board. I have no time to let the people see me pass. Pass in writing, and what time of it was I in "my office"? I spent in reading my Bible, Song-Book, and War Cry.—British Social Gazette.

MALE VOICE CHOIR OF INSECTS.

White in her cell two messages cheered the heart of Brigadier Von Wettberg. One was a telegram of congratulation from the General himself, the other, says our comrade, "was a letter from a poor woman whom we Officers had taken in at our Quarters when she had come out of prison, and who was very indignant at my having been put into prison. She had so much wished to endure the imprisonment for me as she was so accustomed to prison life, while I was not!"—All the World.

WORDS 1
In Praise of their Unfaithfulness

From rosy lips we sing north, from east to west, from

Unseen, unfehl, by night we fasten love, we kiss. We batten like swallows,

Aloud we take our air. We pierce and sharp, like steel;

Now smooth as oil, then we heal.

Not strings of pearl are more gaudy than our teeth;

Nor gems encased in glass, nor flowers, nor viles, are more worthless and vile, as we away.

Ye wise! secure with brass. The double doors through we pass—

For, once escaped, back cell

No art of man can make us—

But—

Hot weather is supposed to bring humanity. It goes along the line of advice, such as this, "Don't fuss and fume and think how hot it is and how much you are to be puffed and how badly you need a vacation and change."

It is really surprising how little

the wise influence of nerves leading to the weather and how much heat and other discomforts we can bear if we have something interesting to think about; and one of the most tiresome and depressing subjects of thought imaginable

is your own troubles and afflictions. The poor, illiterate and most fatal habit that a mortal man can get into is being sorry for himself.

And a Toronto daily gives good advice with regard to worry. We can, a few paragraphs, as our Bayreuth Longfellow may not have seen it:

Don't pity Yourself.

We have discovered an almost

infoliable remedy for the ills that

as there was a full and the homeward omnibus.

It is a male-voiced man, Mr. Monshi, according to the Press.

When "Caruso" went

to his mistress, he simply grips the pillars of his six legs, and with a luminous glow or effulgence he takes off his wings, holds them in his hands together, and a sound like the noise of an electric bell, or a friend ringing a church bell, lured him.

This, it may be, is something in the manner English cricket, but as Shima is prepared to be dimly unkinded insect

cricket, as in regular cricket, as in regular

sympathy.

One is not permitted to sing insects into his

Mr. Fukushima, a

from eggs in his coat

and he is now going to

2,000 little singers to the public.

They have also

over cancer. Cabs will

that, and they are

only 2 inches square,

man, Songster, and Ludo

insect.

IN JAIL FOR CHRIST'S SAKE.

How "Catuso" Sings.

The Japanese singing insect is a quaint little creature which sits in a bushel basket and utters a shrill, clear, and brilliant call of undressed sound now and again.

The people of Japan tell in the Fuku Moushi or Happy Bell, and they have followed the Emperor's lead by making it a fashionable pet.

A young man of the Daily Express was presented with a little choir of singing insects the other day by Mr. Fukushima, the manager of the Japan Nursery Company, Queen Street, Cheap-side, and the "Catuso" of the septet, a bright-eyed little fellow with savings down the small of his back, began business with embarrassing eagerness as soon

as he got into the world.

Worries and vexations, as we away,

Ye wise! secure with brass.

The double doors through we pass—

For, once escaped, back cell

No art of man can make us—

But—

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is your own troubles and afflictions.

Every nerve cell sends

sage of pleasure or pain

which is actually led

through the nerve and

messengers the body

It's Opposition to the Spirit of the Gospel—A Man's Heart Revealed by his Clothes—Effect of Worldly Dress on Children—What the General Says.

WORLDLY CONFORMITY IN DRESS.

WITHOUT doubt one of the chief curses of the age is the following of the fashions. It is the rock on which multitudes destroy themselves, body and soul. To many it is the crucial point in seeking salvation.

"I would like to get saved," said a fashionably dressed young woman to an Army Officer, "but I could never get as you do." It is the opinion of which she would never get.

Well do sinners know that the spirit of the Gospel is against worldly adornment. Truly penitent souls abhor the marks of pride and long to be outwardly as well as inwardly clothed with humility. They bring forth fruit meet for repentance—"old things pass away, behold all things become new." Pride with its style and fashion passes away, for these are old things, these are things that the unsanctified heart lusts after; these are the "lusts of the eyes and the pride of life"; these are the "things of the world" that are in the flesh. If any man loveth the world, the love of the Father is not in him." Therefore when the penitent gets to the place where he is a child of God he is a new creature, and old things have passed away. And can we suppose that it is consistent that he should ever put these things on again? No, "If I build again the things which I destroyed, I make myself a transgressor."

APRIL LEAF OF PROCLAIMS THE MAN.

"Nothing indicates the state and disposition of the mind and soul more than the manner and style of dress," says G. M. Don in writing on this subject. "Plainness and simplicity of dress express the sobriety and simplicity of the heart, gravity and gaudiness of babble express the levity and vanity of the mind. Slovenliness in dress expresses carelessness and indifference alike in spiritual as in other things. So we are at no loss to discover what is within, what is the state and what is the experience of an individual who is modestly dressed. A man is dressed in a style of fashion, and in a worldly way. Every degree of conformity to the world denotes how great a hold the world has on the heart and how far the individual is from being in accord with the Divine will. Every degree of conformity to the world declares the heart's disorder, and how far it is from being governed by the true spirit of religion. As modest apparel is a sign and fruit of humility, so slovenly and cuspid apparel" is a sign and fruit of pride."

CHRIST'S PEOPLE SEPARATE FROM THE WORLD.

Associated with my earliest ideas of religion was the necessity for plainness of dress. It seemed to me, clear from the teachings of the Bible, that Christ's people should be separated from the world in everything which denoted character; and that they should not only be separate, but appear so. Otherwise, what benefit would their separation confer on the others?

I remember feeling condemned, when quite a child, not more than eight years old, at having to wear a tattered dress as well as those of these. From a worldly point of view, it did not seem considerate, no doubt, very neat and consistent. But on several occasions I had good crying fits over it. Not only did I instinctively feel it to be immodest because people could see through it, but I thought it was not such as a Christian child through it, but I thought it was

The views of The General to which Mrs. Booth referred are set forth in his book on the Training of children; from which we take the following:

1. Is the subject of dress of sufficient importance to be considered in connection with the training and instruction of children?

Yes, we think it is, and that because it has so much to do with their health, and the formation of their character, and, therefore, with the shaping of their destiny, both in this life and in the next. Especially is this true of girls.

2. Is it important, then, that children should have correct views on this topic, imparted to them very early in life?

Yes; unless they are inspired while quite young with correct notions and feelings of right and wrong, they will be in danger of being either led astray or ruined by the shameless examples of those around them, or, having no intelligent and Scriptural convictions on the matter, it will be a source of controversy and irritation all the way through life. I have, no doubt, that it is so with multitudes of sincere, God-fearing women. They are either all indecision, or, having correct views on the subject, they refuse to carry them out of all cost.

THE BEST COURSE TO PURSE.

There is only one straightforward course for women who desire the best as the rule of their life and practice, and that is to utterly despise, and forever renounce all obligation to follow the fashions of the inglorious world around them, and to openly avow this determination. In other words, you should boldly resolve to set the world at naught and dress as seems to them becoming godliness and good sense, and then uncompromisingly carry out their resolution.

At the world agrees in condemning remarkable fops. Now, what's the reason of this? It is because they would be overpriced, or, having a mount of trouble and misery that cannot very well be overstated. (Continued on page 45.)

Band Chat.

A copy of the Bowmerville "Statesman," just to hand, contains a very warm appreciation of the Liugur Street Band, which visited the town recently. The Band played some of the latest selections and marches, and on Sunday afternoon Mayor Mitchell highly complimented the Bandmaster Hart and his Bandsman. During this meeting the Band rendered the "Lifeboat," which was rendered on Saturday night. On each occasion this number met with loud applause.

It is interesting to note that the "Statesman" concluded their report completed thirty-four years ago, under management of Mr. M. A. James, who presided on Sunday afternoon. We congratulate our contemporary and wish it continued success.

Last week-end the Woodstock (Ont.) Band was at Ingersoll, in connection with the reopening of the winter concert hall. The band has been recruited. Bandmaster N. Ayling led the Band, which on Saturday gave a musical festival. This brought a crowded Hall, and one of the local papers (*Sentinel Review*) describes the Band as being one of the very best that have visited the town, in fact giving the Band a programme which included the "Glorious Tidings," "Happy, Glad, and Free," "Flowing River" marches, and "My Keeper," "Songs of Holland," and "Hail Call" selections, was greatly appreciated by the Ingessolers, who gave the Bandsmen a pressing invitation to pay a return visit.—A. R.

Who says that Salvation Army soldierhood doesn't promote good health? A comrade-Bandsman who called at the Editorial Offices during the week finds that it does. A friend, Sandy, took a look and commented: "He gave me a few words his idea of enjoying life—for he indeed looked the picture of good health."

"Yes," he said, "I've been six years in Canada, and now I'm my own boss. In fact, we've been here for a portion of these years all through the week. I am on one of my rigs—I'm a carriage agent, you know—and I put in a full day every Sunday with the Band at my Corps. I've been a Bandsman for eighteen years; for ten years I've never missed a Sunday. However, when he emphasized the need of giving the Editorial representative a slap on the back, we agreed that it was 'all right.'

Quite recently the British War Cry published some very interesting figures relating to the size of our Army and Song Brigades in the Old Land. We give them below as news worth knowing, and for ready reference purposes. Five years ago the number of Senior Bands stood at 750, now it is 841; Senior Bandsmen, 13,400, now 15,192; Junior Bandsmen, about 60, now 93; Junior members (not reported), now 4,000; Songster Brigades 320, now 438; Songsters—4,153, now 7,128.

Your Canadian comrades congratulate you, Old Country comrades!

The Sherbrooke Band is making good progress under the baton of Bandmaster Brie, who takes a great interest in his Band, which, for a comparatively new organization, is a credit to

Does It Pay to Serve Jesus Christ?

"YES," SAYS A YOUNG MAN WHOSE EXPERIENCES ARE TOLD IN THIS STORY.

N THESE days, when everybody, especially the young folk, is asking, "Does it pay to serve Jesus Christ?" one delights to hear the experiences of somebody who can answer with an emphatic "Yes." Such an answer is supplied by the following story:

It concerns a young man who lived in the town of Galt. That was not his real home, for he had come to Canada from England only a few years ago. In Galt he fell in with Christian people, who at every opportunity, tried to influence him to seek salvation. By nature he was of the pleasure-loving, devil-may-care type, and, as can easily be imagined, the persistent entreaties of his friends were not welcomed. In order to escape all this, he left Galt and came to Toronto.

How did he get along in that city?

Did conscience give him rest there?

Not for a moment. Instead he wandered the streets every night after his day's work was done, miserable, at a loss to know where to go or what to do. The picture shows had lost their attraction for him, and the pleasure resorts had vanished. Strange that it should be with him the advent lover of the world's greatest evils.

One night, he stood before a picture brightly-lighted entrance, and pondered. Which should it be, show or Army meeting?

Satan was the loser in that battle show. All the week, he had had a secret longing to go to a Salvation Army meeting, and now he stood before the men who went on in the young man's heart during those few critical moments, and the last went down the street to the Hall.

A public Salvation meeting was in progress, and towards the close, a Soldier came down the aisle to where our young man sat, brooding over a misery past. "It's no use," he replied to the question of the Soldier at his side, "I couldn't live right."

"Well, just come—just tell Him, I say," insisted the earnest one.

That ples the way, and with a determined "I will," the young man rose and walked out to the penitent form.

"But I'm not satisfied yet, you know. I've made up my mind that if God wants me for an officer in the Salvation Army, I'll be one. And so, at the last commissioning of cadets, I offered myself as a candidate for the work. But if God wants me to stay here and work for him, I'm quite willing, and that's just what makes me, and keeps me happy—being ready for anything."

The remaining days of that week were trying ones, as might be supposed,

We shook hands, but as I was more happy than they, I said, "I do know, that the young men told me something, one, it really was possible, God at one's work; was it possible, yes, blessedly possible, a holy life, even in a bar store; three, that I should never strive to bring others to any practical experience, blessing of full salvation."

Let the young convert stuck to his guns with that inherent conscientiousness which had marked his service of the devil. He was happy, but on the following Sunday, when he attended the Holiness meeting at the Temple, he felt that there was something higher and better for him to obtain—an entirely happy life, free from the power of sin.

He resolved that it should be his, and the fruits of the meeting he went forward to the penitent form to seek it.

Just about two weeks ago from the present date, the writer met the young man while both were having mid-day refreshment in one of the big downtown stores. Seeing the Army uniform, the convert watched his opportunity for getting a seat beside the officer. When he landed there, he was all smiles. In simple language, he told the foregoing story, and then added:—

"Since then (meaning the time when he fully gave himself to God), I've been happy that I feel I have only just begun. I have a new life, now, which but it must be the Lord I feel, after all—but everything seems to have been made all right for me, at my work especially. I've got along in a way that surprises me, and others."

"As you see by my uniform (the young convert continued), I run an elevator in this store. I never had a similar job in all my life, but since that Sunday when I sought a clean heart, I've been given the best and fastest elevators in the busiest section, and very often the boys say to me: 'If you know any more Salvation Army fellows who want jobs, let me know.' People say to me when they get on the elevator: 'Why is it that you are so happy?' and I tell them it is because I have something to be happy over. They can't understand it."

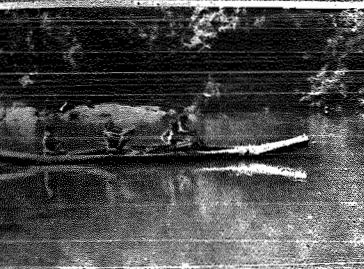
"I tried to speak more to the fellows who sit around the relief room than I do now, but I found that it made them, instead, nervous. So now, when I go to the room, I make practice of reading my Bible, which I always carry with me, and it seems to relieve that the fellows have been more impressed in this way than by any other.

"But I'm not satisfied yet, you know. I've made up my mind that if God wants me for an officer in the Salvation Army, I'll be one. And so, at the last commissioning of cadets, I offered myself as a candidate for the work. But if God wants me to stay here and work for him, I'm quite willing, and that's just what makes me, and keeps me happy—being ready for anything."

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17, 1912

THE WORLD AND ITS WAYS



Upper Amazon Natives Navigating a Stream in Their Crude Bark Canoe.

Upper Creditors on the Upper Amazon.

World's Tallest Skyscraper.

Not long ago the last steel girder at the top of the Woolworth building in New York was riveted in place, and the greatest skyscraper in the world was ready for the masons, the bricklayers and the carpenters. The Woolworth building is 720 feet high, being 50 feet

higher than the Metropolitan tower, and 138 feet higher than the Singer building, which previously held the world's record. It is the foundation that determines the height of a building, and most readers will be surprised to learn that of the \$13,500,000 that the building will cost, \$4,500,000 has been spent on foundation work.

The wooler building was built chiefly by the nickel of the American people, and is a reminder of the wisdom in the old proverb that warns us to look after the pennies, for the pounds will look after themselves.

The fortune of Mr. Woolworth has come to him through his five, ten and fifteen cent stores, of which he has over three hundred.

Guarding Against Plague.

The discovery of cases of bubonic plague at Calcutta and Puto Bato has led to strict watchfulness on the part of health officers at all the ports on the Atlantic seaboard. They set only carefully examining persons coming ashore from districts where the disease is supposed to exist, but endeavour to estimate the rate that arrive on the ship, as it is well known that these vermin are the chief sources of the plagues.

The landing of one plague-infected rat at the Atlantic port might be enough to carry the dread disease to a million homes. Just as the rats have spread all over the continent from the seaboard, so might the bubonic plague spread if once it got a foothold.

It has been calculated that in the past 15 years the plague has killed an average of 750,000 people a year. The terrible scourging which Calcutta suffered last year is explained by the fact that in the tropics a large rodent about the size of a hare, the plague exists in chronic form. The medium of communication between the typhus or any infected rat and a human being is a bite.

As Australia is geographically the greatest continent, it is the greatest reservoir of the disease, especially its half-domesticated forms.

Civilized countries like the United States, Canada, Australia, and New Zealand are free from the disease.

by no means so deadly as elsewhere, but it is dangerous enough to cause the most extreme precautions to be taken at the present time to prevent its crossing the narrow stretch of water separating Fusa Rica from the mainland.

Improvements Needed At Lake Ports.

As a result of his tour of the St. Lawrence River system, the Hon. Mr. Monk, Minister of Public Works, says that he is greatly impressed with the need of so equipping the Canadian lake ports as to enable them to hold their legitimate share of the enormously increasing traffic from the West.

"The country is confronted from the Atlantic to the Pacific," he says, with a situation of commercial and industrial growth which calls for vigorous action, but because the founders think that at present there is too much distinction drawn between 'ordinary Chinese people' and 'Christians.'

Their aim is to break down the barriers of suspicion and distaste that have arisen, and to 'do away with the division between Chinese and foreigners—especially hoping that all within and without four walls will love one another brotherly, and that the principles of the teaching of Christ, regardless of race and color, will be held in esteem.'

This is certainly a significant move, and indicates clearly the bold Christianity is getting to China.

Federal authorities at the session of the Parliament recently convened has brought a storm of protest from all sources.

No provisions have been made so far for the pensioning of the mothers of the children, and owing to the peculiar wording of the proposed law in not putting any restrictions on the birth of a baby scores of children to be born seem likely to be the storm centers, with £5 as the goal.

Christianity in China.

An attempt is now being made to establish a native Chinese church free from foreign control. This is being done in a spirit of antagonism to foreigners, but because the founders think that at present there is too much distinction drawn between 'ordinary Chinese people' and 'Christians.'

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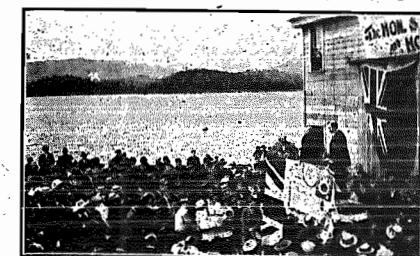
A Mountain Climbing Feat.

The highest peak of the Solkites, Mount Sir Sandford, was successfully scaled by an American on Jan. 21st of this year. This mountain is 11,800 ft. high, and is the highest peak in the Solkites.

No fewer than eight separate attempts to scale the icy fastnesses of the Solkites have been made during the last half dozen years. No one, but in the Canadian Rockies, has ever succeeded. Only one of the expeditions even reached the base of the mountain, and after failing to procure supplies, only gave up the quest.

On the 21st of January, Mr. John McIntyre, of the Canadian Alpine Club, of Victoria, B.C., started for the Solkites with a party of six, and after a hard climb, and after failing to procure supplies, only gave up the quest.

Although it is among the highest of the world's mountains, it is the glacier which covers its surface which makes climbing difficult.



Opening of Government Docks at Prince Rupert by Premier McBride on July 15th.

Visiting the Indians on the Pacific Coast



A Group of Glen Vowell Soldiers.

Major and Mrs. Green, the Divisional Commanders for British Columbia, have recently concluded a three weeks' tour among the Native Corps on the coast. As might be expected, their journeys were full of interesting happenings, and the following report from the Major will give our readers a good idea of the Arctic missionary operations among the Indians.

"Starting from Vancouver on Thursday," writes the Major, "we had a fair passage up to Prince Rupert, arriving on Saturday morning. On the journey we saw quite a number of whalers joying themselves, and we also had an exceptionally fine view of a large whale fighting with some other sea monster. "We spent the week and at Prince Rupert, and had some splendid meetings, both outdoors and in.

"Great crowds lined the streets and listened to our songs. We took our little girl Minnie as far as Prince Rupert, and she played the organ and sang in the open air. It was a great sight to see big men craning their necks to hear the music and songs. Some of the men brought their dollars to the little girl, which, of course, went into the treasury. Minnie remained and assisted Captain and Mrs. Tufts, while Mrs. Green and I visited the other places.

We left Prince Rupert for Glen Vowell on Monday morning, and had a trying, but in many respects, pleasant journey; for it is, I think, one of the grandest sights in the world to travel along the swift-flowing Skeena and its tributaries, canyons and many peaks of nature, also the native villages we entered, etc.

At Skeena we met Secretary Riddell from Andover, and went into the business of the Upper school and mill. Concluding our journey we reached Hazelton at 5 p.m., and there Ensign Sharp was there waiting for us.

"He had been watching and waiting for us. As soon as we knew that he was there we got a hotel room and a few minutes were shaking hands and talking, then listening to some wonderful stories. Ensign looked well, and his health had improved in his absence from the camp.

A gentle invitation was made and invited after tea to go to the hotel for breakfast. We sat down and talked over the news, and the time passed quickly. After tea we had a walk with Ensign and Captain. They were both very happy, and with a smile on his face, Ensign started for home. Very well about six miles away, we climbed mountains after mountains, crossing some fearful and wonderfully made for soft roads, roads, and suddenly came

fact that quite a number of the comrades are away at present, fishing. In one of the meetings, when a Local Officer was speaking, all the natives laughed at something he said. I was curious to know what it was they were all laughing at, so I asked one who could speak English to tell me. It was an old saying. (I may say that soap is very dear, only three bars for \$1.25):

"It is said when I heard that Major Green, the big man, was coming, I bought some soap and washed myself, and I bought more soap and washed and washed myself to change my appearance. When I washed myself took off, and after that my washes were no different, but just the same."

"I met several deputations of natives, and spent considerable time at the saw mill, and was with the manager of the mill and Ensign Sharp till the early hours of the morning. I was able to get through quite a lot of business, which kept me going all the time.

"Ensign and Mrs. Sharp and Captain Law have improved things considerably. The Indian Agent paid a high compliment in saying that Olen Vowell was the best kept village along the Skeena, and from what I said I should say it is. They grow fine vegetables, in fact, they are extraordinary. The Ensigns also got a magnificent lot of fowls. He started with three that he travelled many miles to secure, but now he has a farmyard.

"We tried to cheer dear Mrs. Sharp and Captain Law, who feel the loneliness very much, being right away from any other white women. I am sending you a photo of Mrs. Sharp and Captain Law, just sent out, and the Ensigns and I went another way, visiting the Indians in their houses. They appeared to be delighted to see us, and again and again said: 'Am, Am,' which means good. Some speak very good English. We conducted several Open-Air and Indoor Meetings, and real lively times we had, notwithstanding the

Major and Mrs. Green have some interesting experiences during a three weeks tour.



Indians With a Pack-train.
Hazelton, B.C.

and their baby Faith is both in health. It was good to see instant, who has worked so hard and for so many years for the welfare of the natives. The Adjutant's companion Ensign Sharp to Hazelton, where he was born, and where his parents were baptised. Ensign struggled to keep back the tears they would now. We certainly did, and as the boat steamed out of Hazelton I hope to pay a return visit in due time for a three days.

"We arrived back at Prince Rupert on Thursday night about 8 p.m., went straight from the train station and gave a musical festival with the assistance of Captain and Mrs. Tufts, Lester, and Minnie. It rained hard all the night, but we had time and took in about \$500.

"On Saturday morning we left Port Essington and had quite a long drive to Hazelton. The nearest station to Hazelton on the new line is Fort McPherson, and there is not a house. At the station we had to walk through the ferry to take across which is quite a few rods of fence six feet high.

"Adjutant Thorkildsen walked in fifteen miles to Hazelton and we had a very nice and profitable time together. The Adjutant is looking well, and I understand that both Mrs. Thorkildsen

(Continued on Page II)



Major Green standing in front with Ensign and Mrs. McKay's baby, which he dedicates.

Photo by D.

Personalities.

Mrs. Commissioner Rees leaves Toronto today (Thursday) for Quebec, where she will meet the Commissioner on his return from England, and accompany him on the steamer up the St. Lawrence as far as Montreal, where they will go by train to Toronto. On Wednesday all the Commissioners and City officers will unite at the Temple for a welcome home tea to the Commissioner.

The Chief Secretary conducted a special kind-drill at noon on Thursday last prior to leaving Headquarters for Newfoundland. Mrs. Major and the Field Service Officers are accompanying the Colonel, who are present, and the latter spoke briefly concerning the long trip, and enlisted the earnest prayers of Headquarters Staff on behalf of the Congress in Newfoundland. The Chief Secretary bespoke a word of thanks to the Commissioner, who left T. H. Q. that evening.

What is prayer? Prayer is not necessarily in fluency of speech; it is not in pointed imagery; it is not in deep thoughts; it is not in length and breadth and fulness of petition. Prayer is the language of the soul. It is the meeting point of the spirit and man; it is the language of the soul; it is the contact and communion of finite beings with the Infinite.

As predicted in our Editorial columns in last week's issue the news of Colonel and Mrs. Major's departure for Canada has been received with general regret. This has been manifested by the very large number of letters received by the Chief Secretary, containing expressions of sentiments that will be very precious, and an inspiration to them in years to come.

In connection with the Newfoundland Congress, about 150 Officers will be taking new appointments.

Brigadier Burdett is expected to arrive at Quebec on Friday next. Mrs. Burdett will meet her husband at the port and accompany him to Toronto.

Brigadier Thomas Stanton, of New York, is in Toronto on a visit. The Brigadier has not been at all well for some time, but his old comrades at T. H. Q. were glad to see him looking well again. The Brigadier is announced to conduct the Sunday night meeting at the Temple.

Major Eddy White, late of the South Atlantic Division, U.S.A., was a visitor to T. H. Q. during the week. The Major has just been appointed to the command of the West and New York Division, Central Province, U.S.A.

Ethel, the daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Jacobs of London, Eng., is among the number of Officers' children who are entering the International Training College for the session which commences this month.

Mrs. Major Ayers, whose health offers a voyage to Canada is untried, has taken charge, under Lieut.-Colonel Braine, of Grace Hospital Babies in the City of London (see the latest "Social Gazette"). This is work much to her liking, and in the direct line of that to which the late Major Ayers gave such devoted service.

Staff-Captain Sims took the employees of the Salvage Department to Britannia Beach for their annual outing on Civic Holl.

(Continued on page 2.)

PRAYER and PRAISE.

THEIR VALUE IN CHRISTIAN LIFE AND WORSHIP.



He man who is prayerful must surely be praiseworthy. Indeed, the two are so linked together as to be inseparable. The great reason why we should pray is because our wants continue; and the great reason why we should praise is because our mercies increase. Who is there that failt want nothing? Let none give over praying, but he that wants nothing; and let none give over praising that hath anything. Is not the mercy we want worth asking? And is not the mercy we have worth the acknowledging?

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Prayer is not giving information to God; that His dominions are not far distant, that He changes His will—that His immortality cannot suffer. It does not awaken His grace, for it is from everlasting; nor increase it, for it is infinite; but it opens a way for grace to flow according to our eternal plan. It is faith's answer to Christ's question, "What wilt thou?" It lives only as God teaches it.

Christ the Medium of Prayer.

Prayer is to be offered to our Father in the name and through the mediation of Christ. Christ is the Way to the Father, and the Father's Way to us. His name is not a mere musical cadence to a prayer; or a customary close to one; but it is to be the Alpha of one's prayer, and the Omega, too.

The substance of what Christ is to us is the commencement and end of every prayer; and it is because of what He has done that we can seek a channel by which our prayers shall rise to Deity, and the blessing of daily shall descend.

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a stranger star appeared, travelling on the heavens, and blazing on the banner borne before the King as He descended on the dark and distant world. On Canaan's dewy ground—the lowly bed He had left—the eye of mankind gazing on the countenance and form of the Son of God; and dusty roads, and winter snows and desert sands, and the shores and very waves of Galilee, were impressed with the footprints of the Creator. By this mangled where the babe lies cradled in the Cross, one whose ignominious arms the gloom of the universe is hung—by this silent sepulchre, where, wrapped in bloody shroud, the body is stretched out on its bed of spines, while Roman sentinels walk their moonlit round, and Death, bound in iron chains sits at the foot of the cross, the eye avakes to be disarmed, uncrowned, and in Himself have death put to death—Faith can believe all that God has revealed, and hope for all that God has promised. She reads on that manger, on that cross, deeply interred on that rock, where the thief died, to glorify God, or to implore Him, was his only mission here below—all else perishes before him or with him; but the cry of glory, of adoration of love, which he raises towards the Cross, the Infinite, the Cæsar, the God, the Infinite Being.

Answers to Prayer.

Prayer flies where the eagle never flew and rises on wings that are stronger than an angel's. It travels further and faster than light. Rising from the heart of a believer, it shoots away beyond that starry sky, and reaching the throne, enters into the ear of the Almighty, like the reflection of His own magnificence. It is the only thing in man which is wholly Divine, and which he can exalt with joy and pride. It is a homage to Him to whom homage alone is due—the Infinite Being.

Faith in Prayer.

More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of. Wherefore let thy voice rise like a fountain through the day and night.

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The substance of what Christ is to us is the commencement and end of every prayer; and it is because of what He has done that we can seek a channel by which our prayers shall rise to Deity, and the blessing of daily shall descend.

But great as is the value of prayer, praise also has a large share in the Christian's life and worship. Praise is the religious exercise—the one religious exercise—of heaven. And it is of heaven—of angels, resting not for night. Saints are offering

Everlasting Praise.

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What Are the Corps Doing? This Page Tells You

**WRITTEN ON THE EDGE
OF A WAR CRY**

A Touching Story and Its
Sequel.

The Sergeant-Major of a Toronto Corps told an interesting story to a week-night congregation recently:

At the place where he is employed there is a young man, a Roman Catholic, who, with a short time ago, was not very kindly disposed towards the Army. What changed his attitude formed the chief interest of this incident. On a certain Saturday afternoon a Cadet from the Training College—one of the most popular and well-known—was selling "War Crys" from house to house along the very street where the Roman Catholic young man lived. Before long she came to his house and had walked up the steps before she noticed that on the door hung a sign of black paper.

For a moment the lad stood motionless, somewhat shocked—and then she drew a Cry from her bundle. But before pushing it under the door she took a little pencil from her blouse and wrote along the top of the paper: "With deepest sympathy. From one who has passed this way." Then she slipped quietly down the steps. The Roman Catholic young man heard of the incident, and next day, when at the shop some of the men began to revile the Salvation Army, he came out boldly as its champion. Said he: "I am, yes all know, and that I am here from The Salvation Army as any of you. But after what I saw the other day, I say, 'God bless the Salvation Army. Their is the kind of religion I like."

A BIG DAY FOR GALT.

Powerful Meetings With Splendid Results.

Sunday was a red-letter day at Galt. The Hall was packed, conducted by Ensign Jordan, was indeed a blessed time. The Ensign took for his subject "And Saul took with him a band of men whose hearts God had touched." Five comrades volunteered for sanctification, and one for salvation.

The Sunday meeting was held in Victoria Park, which a good number attended.

On Sunday night, at the close of a stirring meeting, six souls surrendered.—W. L. CAUSON.

MAJOR FINDLAY'S VISIT.

The soldiers and friends of Portage la Prairie greatly enjoyed the visit of Major Findlay for several days. An interesting and powerful address was given by the Major in the prison at which institution meetings are held every Sunday morning at 9 a.m. The address was evidently appreciated. The Juniors were greatly interested in it, for a share of the vision. Thus, the weather was very hot; but the Band and Soldiers rallied in fine style round the Major, and were well repaid for all their labours. One soul knelt at the mercy-seat in the Holiness meeting.—HARRY V. JONES, Captain.

SUCCESSFUL SUMMER TACTICS.

A PAGE OF REPORTS OF DEVIL-DEFEATING WORK—ALL KINDS OF SINNERS GET LIBERTY—SOME WONDERFUL STORIES OF THE WEEK'S WARFARE.

SIX NEW INSTRUMENTS.

CAPT. AND MRS. WATKINSON WELCOMED TO PETERBORO

Presented to Orillia Band by Major Frost.

We have been having wonderful times here in Orillia, and God is blessing us very much. Yesterday we were invited, assisted by some of the very best local talent gave an excellent festival in the opera house, which was much appreciated by the people of Orillia, as we were evidenced by the way they contributed to the collection taken on behalf of our new instrument fund. The programme included such items as "Crowns of Victory" and "Trumpet" marches, "My Keeper" and "Following the Lord" selections, two numbers by the Orillia Male Quartette, violin solos by Miss R. Bowen, and vocal solos by Miss Rena Hill and Mr. H. A. Croxall, all the numbers being excellent.

The chair was taken by His Worship Mayor Frost, assisted by several of the Town Council and other prominent men of the town, who presented six new silver-plated instruments to the Band. Another item of interest was the presentation of a new band flag, which was accepted with great enthusiasm by the Adjutant Calvert of Toronto H. C.

We had only one regret during the evening, and that was the fact that so many people had to be turned away owing to the Opera House being so full. Mr. C. M. Miller's Tambourine gave an addition to the band, capable made the appeal for the collection, to which the people heartily responded, giving the total amount of \$800.00.

Our Officer, Ensign Layman, announced after the presentation of the instruments that they would be used for the first time the following Tuesday in the hand-stand at the public park, and great crowds came to the park on that occasion.

We are in hopes that in the very near future we shall have our set completed of Class A silver-plated instruments. —W. Smith, Band Secretary.

VISITORS AT LONDON II.

For this weekend, August 3rd and 4th, we had several visitors from Galt, Captain and Mrs. Wilson of Waterloo, Captains Grouard, and Cadet-Sergeant Grouard. Captain Woolcott of Guelph, U.S.A.; Captain Beecroft of Guelph, Ontario, and Captain and Mrs. Greenhaigh from Mississauga.

From the Training College, we had some good fighting throughout the week-end. We had record open-air. Captain Blaney was in charge and delivered a speech on the topic. The band was in full force and the audience as well as the vocal numbers rendered by the Band and members of the Army were greatly enjoyed by the crowd of about 500 people. Captain Blaney and the Army were delighted with the manner in which they were received. Captain Blaney adds that about 40 Soldiers were in the party. He hopes to open an outpost at Waterloo.

AN OLD-TIMER'S VISIT.

Bro. Smith, of Windsor, Ont., who has spent twenty-eight years in Army service, and nearly all the time as a Local Officer, recently visited Essex and gave the comrades a stir-up. Bro. Smith had fought many battles for his Master, and concerning these he told something on Saturday and Sunday. He certainly has retained the old-time fire, as his addresses showed.

On Monday, August 5th, we had a splendid Corps picnic to Springbank. The Band rendered some excellent music to the delight of a vast crowd.—C. B.

MUSICAL VISITORS AT ANNAPOLIS

Adjutants Urquhart and I (the latter from California) Captain Johnstone from B.C. Hope led the week-end meeting at Annapolis. Their mass song was greatly enjoyed. Some of our Hall was open air. Open air made a great impression. People lined the walks in great numbers to see the visitors.

On Wednesday the visitors gave a musical meeting. In spite of unfavourable weather the Hall was filled. Captain Kade and Lieut. Rix from B.C. assisted during the evening the Officers here did well.

Adjutant Urquhart also gave musical meetings in Bear Lake and Deep Brook.

Brigadier Hargrave, Major Taylor, and Staff-Captain I have also been with us.

HOW THEY CLEARED OFF THE DEBT

Dollars in the Far North

On Tuesday evening, July 31st, the Haliburton Corps gave a demonstration, cake and ice-cream social. On July 1st Captain Speller and Lieut. Pearce decided that they would make a special offering to the Red Cross (which amounted to about \$100.00) in one month; hence the date.

It very soon cleared up. Mrs. Chandler led a real, old-fashioned Holiness Meeting, in which the Band took part. It was truly good to hear them, and the crowd seemed to enjoy every moment of it.

God's Spirit filled the meeting with power and the truth went home. Fruit will be seen in after days.

Sunday was certainly very full day; it tried our faith somewhat when the rainbow began to patter, but the meeting commenced at the first open-air of the day, and very soon cleared up. Mrs. Chandler led a real, old-fashioned Holiness Meeting, in which the Band took part. It was truly good to hear them, and the crowd seemed to enjoy every moment of it.

God's Spirit filled the meeting with power and the truth went home. Fruit will be seen in after days.

Sunday night was given over to the singing of hymns.

The Festival of Song in the Gold Hall, over which Mr. Gold presided, was all that could be desired, the crowds being splendid.

The chairman was in full element and the Band, they tell us, did well.

The afternoon open-air was well attended, and was not lacking in interest, musically and otherwise.

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V. V. Calvation Songs.

HOLINESS.

Tunes.—Monmouth, 9; Song-Book, 229.
I And can it be that I should gain
 An interest in the Saviour's Blood?
 Died He for me who caused His pain?
 For we who Him to death pursued?

Amazing love! How can it be
 That Thou, my God, shouldst die
 for me?

He left His Father's throne
 above;
 So free, so infinite His grace!
 Emptied Himself of all but love,
 And bled for Adam's helpless race;

His mercy all, immense and free,
 For O my God, it found out not
 Long my imprisoned spirit lay
 Fast bound in sin and nature's night;

Thine eye diffused a quickening ray;
 I wok'd the dungeon flamed with light!
 My chains fell off, my heart was free,
 I rose, went forth, and followed Thee.

Tunes.—Thou Shepherd of Israel 111; Realm of the Blest 110; Song-Book, 395.

2 Thou Shepherd of Israel and mine,
 The joy and desire of my heart,
 For closer communion I pine,
 I long to reside where Thou art.

Chorus:
 Oh, speak while before Thee I pray,
 And, O Lord, just what seemeth Thee good,
 Reveal and my heart shall obey.
 The posture I languish to find
 Where all who their Shepherd obey
 Are fed, on Thy bosom reclined,
 And screened from the heat of the day.

Ah! show me that happiest place,
 The place of Thy people's abode,
 Where saints in true happiness gaze,
 And hang on a crucified God.
 Thy love for a sinner declare,
 Thy passion and death on the tree;
 My spirit to Calvary bear,
 To suffer and triumph with Thee.

FREE AND EASY.

Tunes.—Grimshy, 33; Song-Book, 315.

3 I've found the Pearl of Great Price,
 My heart doth sing for joy;
 And sing I must, for Christ I have,
 Oh, what a Christ have I!
 My Christ, He is the Lord of lords,
 He is the King of kings;
 He is the Sun of Righteousness,
 With healing in His wings.
 Christ is my Father and my friend,
 My Brother and my Love;
 My bread, my hope, my Counsellor,
 My Advocate above.

Tune.—Saints of God, 130; Song-Book, 227.

4 Saints of God, lift up your voices,
 Praise ye the Lord!
 While the best of Heaven rejoice,
 Praise ye the Lord!

INTENDING CANDIDATES ATTENTION!

The NEXT SESSION of the Training College Opens on Thursday, September 26th. Intending Candidates should immediately communicate with their respective Divisional Commanders.

Praise Him as ye onward go,
 To the realms of endless glory,
 Let His praise each heart o'erflow.

Praise ye the Lord!

For the hope of every nation,
 He has brought us Salvation; Jesus died for you and me,

Paid our debt on Calvary's mountain;

Every sinner may be free.

Thousands have in Christ believed,
 And His pardoning love received;

We have joined the happy throng,
 God is with us, we're His soldiers,

Jesus shall be all our song.

SALVATION.

Tune.—Austria, 103; Song-Book, 100.

5 Pitiful, Lord, a wretched sinner,
 One whose sins for vengeance cry,
 Groaning beneath his heavy burden.

Throbbing heart and heaving sigh—

O my Saviour!
 Canst Thou let a sinner die?

He will save thee—He has promised

To attend unto thy prayer;
 Still he cries, in faltering accents,

Jesus, Oh, in mercy spare!
 Spare the sinner; Jesus, Oh, in mercy spare!

Oh, how swift divine compassion runs to meet the mourning soul!

And with words of consolation makes the wounded spirit whole!

"I'm thy Saviour"—Let this truth thy heart console.

Tunes.—Ho is Bringing (the ranger), 100; Christ Now Sits, 70; Song-Book No. 63.

Welcome, welcome, slumber here.

Hang not back through shame or fear—

Doubt not nor distrust the call—Mercy is proclaimed to all.

Tread the powers of darkness down;

He who conquers wins crown,

Welcome to the offered peace;

Welcome, prisoner to release;

Burst thy bonds; be saved, be free;

Rise and come—He calleth thee.

All ye weary and distressed,
 Welcome to relief and rest;

All is ready, hear the call;

There is ample room for all.

Two souls sought pardon at the Triumph on Saturday night, when Staff-Captain Hayes led the meeting. On Sunday night another surrender was made.

APPOINTMENTS

LT.-COLONEL & HIS CHARGE
 Aurora, August 1st.
 (With West Toronto Rec.)
 Aurora, Aug. 18.
 Newmarket, Aug. 21 and 22.
 With Lippincott Rec.
 Temple, September 1.
 Exhibition Sunday.

LT.-COLONEL & HIS CHARGE
 Montreal II., Aug. 11.
 Sunday, Aug. 18—
 Montreal Metropoli, 11.
 French Corp., 3 Regt.
 Montreal I., 7 p.m.
 Ottawa I., Aug. 19.
 Peterboro, Aug. 26.

BRIGADIER GARDNER
 (The Y. P. Secretary)

North Sydney, Aug. 11.
 Sydney Mines, Aug. 11.
 Whilacy Pier, Aug. 11.
 Sydney, Aug. 21 and 22.

Council & United meetings
 New Aberdeen, Aug. 21.
 Glace Bay, Aug. 22.
 Westville, Aug. 27.
 New Glasgow, Aug. 28.
 Council & United meetings
 Truro, Aug. 29.
 Halifax I. and II., Aug. 29.
 Sept. 1 and 2.

BRIGADIER DODD
 And Captain Gen.

London I., Aug. 24 and 25.
BRIGADIER ARMY
 North Sydney, Aug. 15.
 Hespeler, Aug. 17 and 18.

BRIGADIER RAWLINSON
 Accompanied by Staff-Capt. Ven.

Belleville, Aug. 16.
 Nanapoo, Aug. 17 & 18.
 Kingston, Aug. 19.
 Gananoque, Aug. 20.
 Quebec, Aug. 24 and 25.

STAFF-LT. CAPTAIN MACKENZIE
 Parliament St., Aug. 15.

ADJUTANT CALVERT
 Parliament St., Aug. 25.

T.H.Q. NOON PRAYER
 Aug. 13—Adjutant Young,
 Aug. 20—Brigadier Army,
 Aug. 23—Staff-Capt. Ven.,
 Aug. 27—Major Creighton,
 Aug. 30—Lieut.-Col. Ferguson

with whom the Colonel was staying, though she had never been seen, and had become almost as dear to him as his wife. "He asked her to translate for him—he speaking in French, and she, in English, and so, two souls volunteered for salvation. Afterwards, she said, "it was so difficult to translate what I did believe," but God used this to bring her soul roughly around her to her spiritual needs, and the following Sunday, two volunteers for salvation, including fifty-two children, were gathered together for the first time in Germany, to be educated in the principles of the Army. She also brought a friend who gave herself to God.

ENROLLMENT AND COMMISSIONING

On Sunday last we had us at Montreal IV., Ensign Mrs. Ogilvie, also General Townes from Wonderton. In the afternoon we enrolled new Soldiers. In the evening Brother Baker was commissioned as Treasurer of the Corps. Three Baudsmen were also commissioned. We had great meetings. —Chas. B. Franklin